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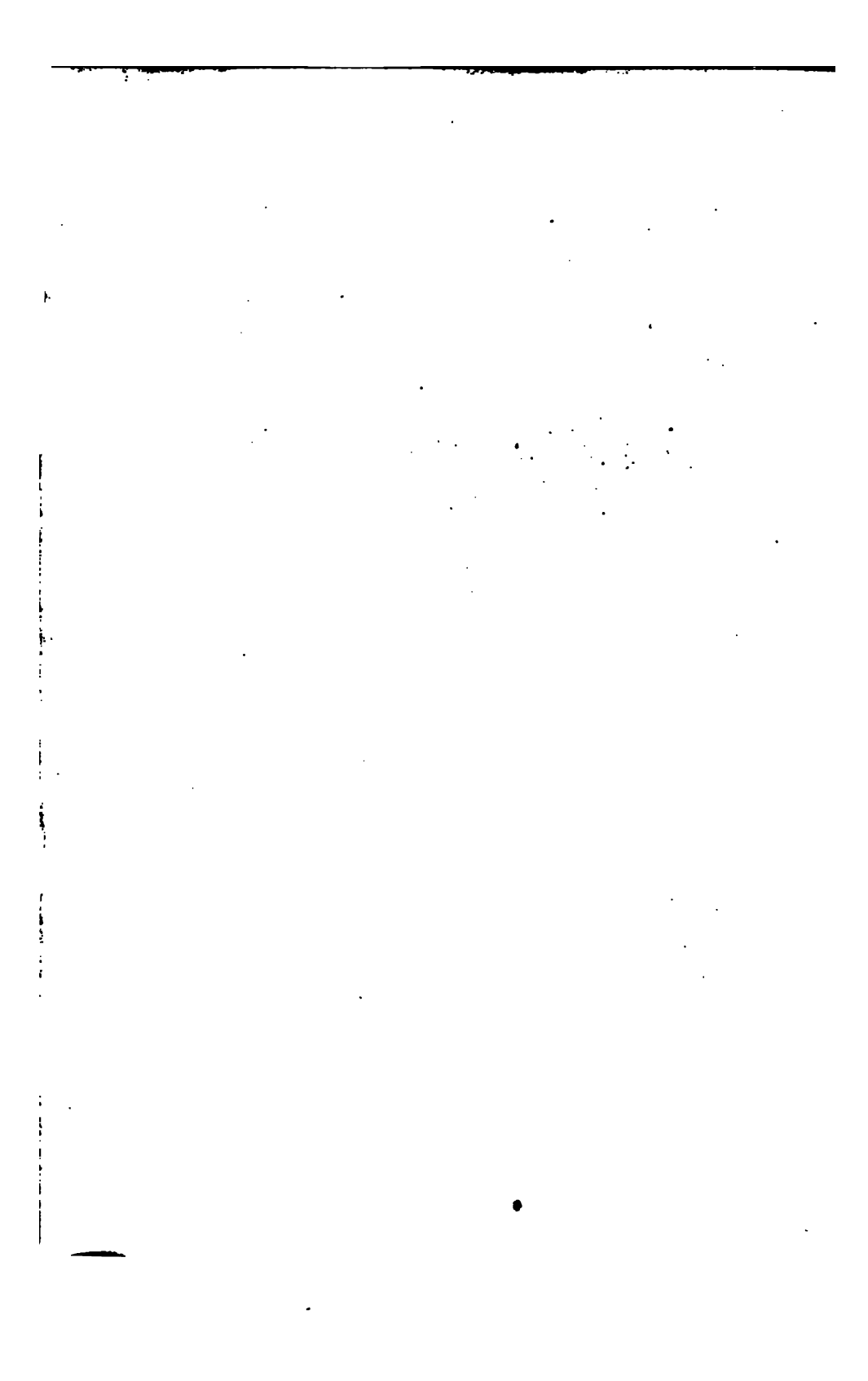
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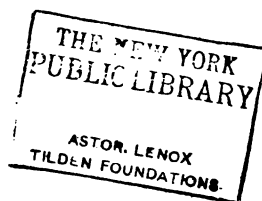
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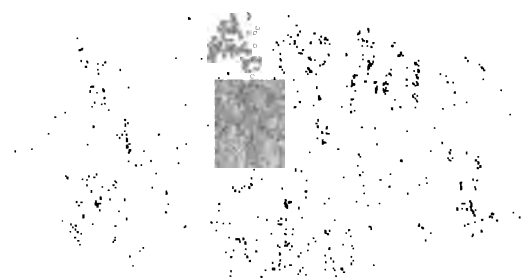
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# HOW TO BE HAPPY.

A COLLECTION OF BEAUTIFUL LESSONS INTENDED TO IN-  
SPIRE NOBLE THOUGHTS AND ACTIONS, AND EN-  
ABLE ONE TO BECOME USEFUL, LOVABLE,  
—HAPPY AND WISE.—

✓

—BY—

GRACE GOLD, *author of*  
*Home Guide*

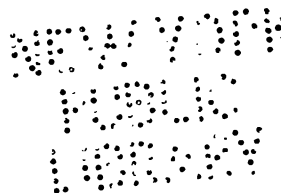
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED  
TO THE  
YOUNG PEOPLE OF AMERICA.

ILLUSTRATED.

F. & M. FRINK, PUBLISHERS,  
VALPARAISO, IND.

—1895.—

✓











# PREFACE

**A**LL parents desire their children to be happy. No matter how bitter their own life has been, or how much anguish their own heart has known they desire their offspring to escape these sorrows and would gladly see them placed where they could obtain peace, prosperity and happiness.

The author of this work does not claim she has discovered a new method whereby one can step from misery to happiness at a single bound, but she does claim there are certain laws which govern our lives for good or evil as we will, and in a sense we make our own destiny.

Happiness is what we are all seeking; but alas, how few find, or finding are able to retain it.

To be truly happy one must be loved; and to be loved, one must be lovable; and again, to be lovable one must in some way be useful, must possess something valuable in the eyes of others. It is the object of this



book to give by its lessons, such information, as, if studied and practiced will enable one to become so useful and lovable that their society will be sought, others benefitted, prosperity will come and they will in spite of circumstances or surroundings live a truly beautiful life

No pains have been spared to obtain this valuable collection, many of which are the productions of the most celebrated writers.

Credit has been given each one so far as they were known, but no hesitancy has been made to use an article whose merit justifies its being placed in this work although the author was unknown, for we fully believe any one whom God has given the wonderful gift of touching human hearts as is indicated by these lessons are willing they shall be placed where they can be the means of encouraging, elevating and purifying humanity.

THE AUTHOR.





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## GREETING.

**D**EAR YOUNG PEOPLE: I love you all, and desire you to be happy, not only in this world, but in the world to come.

The secret of being happy is to be good. Realizing this, and knowing my own life has been made bright and in many respects beautiful by the practice of such lessons, I take pleasure in coming to you with this humble volume laden with precious truths that will teach you how to be good and useful, thereby making you a blessing to yourselves and those around you.

This life is so short, and time so precious, I wish I could make you see and feel the importance of improving each moment for securing some benefit either for yourselves or those around you. So many have good resolutions they intend to carry out sometime in the future, but how few are doing their best to-day. Many neglect present duties and spend their time building for the future castles without foundations. Dear ones I entreat you to attend to the duties of to-day, which if faithfully performed will make a foundation so strong no misfortune can sweep it away.

Self-sacrifice at first seems hard, but becomes at last a pleasure by continued practice, so then, "weary not in noble doing."

Hoping the lessons here given may be received in the same loving spirit they are given, and cause you to make a deeper search for useful knowledge, I remain,

Your earnest friend,

GRACE GOLD.



## HAPPY THOUGHTS.

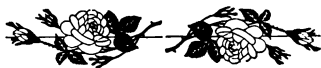
**H**E that keepeth the law, happy is he.  
He that hath mercy on the poor,  
happy is he.

He that handleth a matter wisely, shall find good:  
and whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the  
man that getteth understanding.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are  
honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things  
are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever  
things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and  
if there be any praise, think on these things.

— BIBLE.





## THE LIFE BOOK.



MAMMA, if I were a woman,  
If I knew as much as you,  
I would write a book," said Lillie,  
"And I'd write it good and true.

"I would make it just like talking,  
As you talked to me last night,  
So that every one who read it  
Would love Jesus and do right."

"Every one, my love," said mamma,  
"Must at least one book compose;  
Each must write his own life story,  
From its drawing to the close.

"On a new unwritten volume,  
Pure and spotless to the sight,  
Loving ones confer a title,—  
Baby hands begin to write.

"All through babyhood and childhood,  
Youth, mid-life and trembling age,  
Still those hands are writing, writing,  
Never lifting from the page.

"Every word and every action,  
Rude or gentle, wrong or right,  
In its ugliness or beauty,  
Live upon those pages white.

"Every deed of love and mercy,  
Shines upon those leaflets fair,  
And if one has loved the Saviour  
All his love is written there."

## LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

**T**HOUSANDS of men breathe, move and live ; pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why ? They did not a particle of good in the world ; and none were blest by them ; none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption ; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perish—their light went out in darkness, and they are not remembered more than the insect of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal ? Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy.

Write your name by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No ; your name will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the star on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as bright as the stars of heaven.

—DR. CHALMERS.

---

**T**HERE is no life so humble that if it be true and genuinely human and obedient to God, it may not hope to shed some of His light. There is no life so meager, that the greatest, and wisest of us all can afford to despise it. We cannot know at what moment it may flash forth with the life of God.

## THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

**L**AUGH, and the world laughs with you,  
Weep, and you weep alone ;  
For this brave old earth

Must borrow its mirth,  
It has trouble enough of its own.

Sing, and the hills will answer ;  
Sigh, and 'tis lost on the air ;

The echoes rebound  
To a joyful sound,  
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you ;  
Grieve and they will turn and go ;

They want full measure  
Of all your pleasure,  
But they do not want your woe.

Be glad, and your friends are many ;  
Be sad, and you will lose them all ;

There are none to decline  
Your nectared wine,  
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded ;  
Fast, and the world goes by ;

Succeed and give,  
And it helps you to live,  
But it cannot help you to die.

There is room in the halls of pleasure  
For a long and lordly train ;

But one by one  
We must all file on  
Through the narrow isles of pain.

—ANON.





THE BOYS WHO WILL WIN.

## THE BOYS WHO WILL WIN.

**H**ERE'S to the boys who are always ready  
To do their best at their play or work ;  
Never afraid, as some are of labor—  
Never trying a task to shirk.

Never saying, "I cannot do it,"  
And putting it off "till by-and-by,"  
But facing each task with a sturdy courage,  
A willing heart, and brave, "I'll try."

Such are boys we all depend on,  
Such are the boys who will some day win.  
They shut the doors of their hearts and guard them  
Against vain thoughts that would fain come in.

Though only boys, as age is reckoned,  
They are really men at heart, say I,  
And it makes me glad and proud to see them,  
And the world will be proud of them by-and-by.

---

## DOING ANOTHER'S DUTY.

**T**HE true lady shows her training in every word  
and gesture ; but the pretended is too often  
caught napping. A little girl, shopping with her  
mother one day, was sitting contentedly on a counter-  
stool, watching the people as they came in and out.

Presently she saw a lady, elegantly dressed, who  
stopped at their counter, and handed a waterproof and  
umbrella to the young girl in charge.

**STAND FOR THE TRUTH.**

rest be free and your own master still. Follow truth for her own sake ; follow her in evil report ; let not many waters quench your love to her. Bow to no customs if they be evil. Yield to no established rules if they involve a lie. Do not evil though good should come of it.

“Consequences !” This is the devil’s argument. Leave consequences to God, but do right. If friends fail thee, do the right. Be genuine, real, sincere, upright, and godlike. The world’s maxim is, trim your sails and yield to circumstances. But if you would do any good in your generation, you must be made of sterner stuff, and help make your times rather than be made by them.

You must not yield to customs ; but, like an anvil, endure all the blows until the hammers break themselves. When misrepresented, use no crooked means to clear yourself. Clouds do not last long. If in the course of duty you are tried by the distrust of friends, gird up your loins and say in your heart, I was not driven to virtue by encouragement of friends, nor will I be repelled from it by their coldness. Finally, be just, and fear not ; corruption wins not more than honesty ; truth lives and reigns when falsehood dies and rots.

—CHAS. SPURGEON.



If you would sleep well, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

## THE UNSOWN SEED.

**I** SAW a garden, in springtime,  
Prepared with greatest care,  
And I thought when comes the summer,  
Rare flowers will be blooming there.  
But summer found in the garden  
Full many a noxious weed,  
With never a flower among them,  
For none had sown the seed.

I saw a life that gave promise  
Of a harvest rich and rare,  
Had the fertile soil been tended,  
And the seed been planted there.  
Neglected and unplanted —  
O'ergrown with sin's foul weeds —  
O, the flowers we might gather  
Did we only sow the seed !

Oh, the precious moments wasted !  
The deeds of love undone ;  
The bitter thoughts we cherished  
Come back to us one by one ;  
And we sigh for the vanquished spring-time  
Of which we took no heed.  
Oh, the harvest we might gather  
Did we only sow the seed !

Had we sown the seeds of virtue,  
Of holy love and truth,  
Of charity and kindness,  
In the springtime of our youth ;

WAIT.

He chose this path for thee.  
What need'st thou more? This sweeter truth to know,  
That all along these strange, bewildered ways,  
O'er rocky steeps and where dark rivers flow,  
His loving arm will bear thee "all the day."  
A few steps more, and thou thyself shalt see  
This path is best for thee.



WAIT.

**I**F not even one little step is plain to us, "ye nexte thynges" is to wait. Sometimes that is God's will for us. At least, it is never His will that we shall take a step into the darkness. He never hurries us. We had better always wait than rush on when we are not quite sure of the way. Often in our impatience we do rush things, which after a little while were not God's "nexte thynges" for us at all. That was Peter's mistake when he cut off a man's ear in the garden, and it led to sore trouble and humiliation a little later. There are many quick, impulsive people who are continually doing "next things" wrong, and who find their next thing trying to undo the last. We must always wait for God, and never take a step which He has not made light for us.

—J. R. MILLER.



The only way to abolish poverty is to dig yourself, or get some one to dig for you whose work is worth more than his wages.

## ONLY THE PRESENT.

**B**EFORE me in billowy mist,  
Floats visions of greatness and fame ;  
Deeds of chivalry, kindness, and love,  
That one day shall make me a name.  
I see great acts of charity  
That some day I shall perform,  
The orphans I'll cheer, the widows relieve,  
And hearts I shall gladden and warm.

I see myself petted, and loved,  
Respected and courted by all,  
Because I reached out to the needy  
And heeded humanity's call.  
Of course it was only my duty,  
But that doesn't alter the case,  
That people will flatter and smile,  
And speak words of praise to my face.

I smile as I look at the phantom,  
For self is exalted you know ;  
In the future these deeds I shall do,  
No time for them now, oh no !  
I have work for myself to do,  
I have cares of my own just now,  
But by and by when riches shall come,  
Then all the world before me shall bow.

For I'll bind the hearts that are broken,  
I'll lift up the helpless and weak,

## WHY SOME DON'T WORK.

**B**ECAUSE they can't have their own way in everything.

Because they don't receive abundant applause or men for each effort put forth.

Because some one has misjudged them or perhaps unintentionally slighted them.

Because they have not their eyes open to the good they might do if they tried.

Because they are chronic invalids and live in doubting castles, and all their time is occupied complaining about themselves and fighting against their doubts.

Because they are not set on fire by the elements of divine love, as God intended, and are in some degree in a cold and back-slidden state.

Because the viper of indifference has got hold of them as they have been warming by the world's fire, and swollen them up with pride of heart.

---

## NO HONEST LABOR SHOULD BRING SHAME.

**C**ONSCIENTIOUS effort raises the most humble labor to the highest plane. The shirk is out of place in any sphere, and no matter whether his work is what the world styles humble or genteel, it is belittled by his indolence and want of attention. But the individual who makes each effort a complete one,

## BE CONTENT.

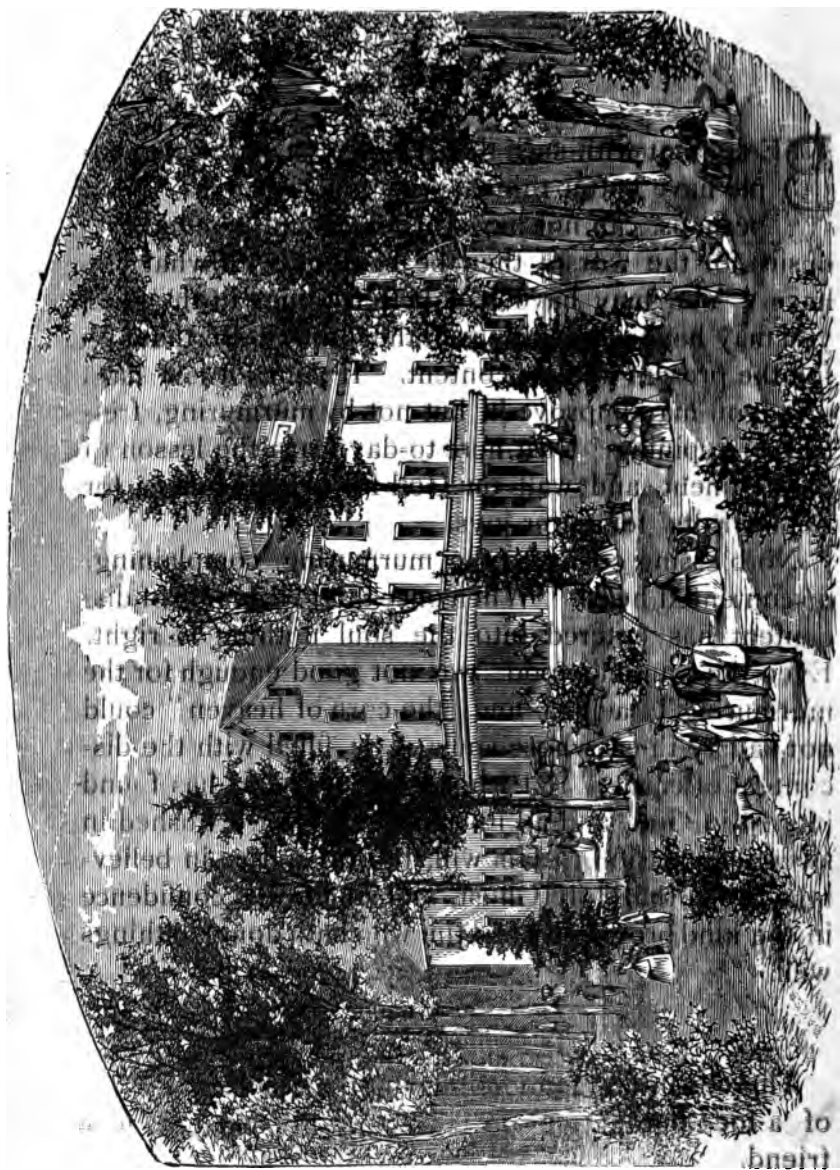
**B**E content with such things as ye have. Some people have better things, others have worse. You, perhaps, can not have the better, and you have no desire for the worse; then be content with what you have. You may have had better things in the past, you may have worse things in the future. Be thankful for the present and be content. If your lot is a hard one, you may improve it, but not by murmuring, fretting or repining. Just here to-day learn the lesson of contentment, and wait on God for brighter days, for richer fruits, for purer joys.

No blessing comes to the murmuring, complaining, discontented heart. When once this evil demon of discontent has entered into the soul nothing is right. Even the "angel's food" was not good enough for the murmuring Israelites, and "the corn of heaven" could not satisfy those whose souls were filled with the discontent of earth. But when once the heart has found its rest in God, and all its murmurings are hushed in sweet submission to His will, there is peace in believing, joy in the Holy Ghost, and a hallowed confidence in the kind providence of Him who hath done all things well.

---

There is nothing more difficult than to make a friend of a foe; nothing more easy than to make a foe of a friend.





WHO IS THE HAPPIEST BOY?

## THE HAPPIEST BOY.

WHO is the happiest boy you know? Who has the best time? Is it the one who last winter had the biggest toboggan, or who now has the most marbles, or wears the best clothes? Let's see!

Once there was a king who had a little boy whom he loved. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures and toys and books. He gave him a pony to ride, and a row boat on a lake, and servants. He provided teachers who were to give him knowledge that would make him good and great.

But for all this the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have.

At length, one day a magician came to court. He saw the boy, and said to the king, "I can make your son happy, but you must pay me my own price for telling the secret."

"Well," said the king, "what you ask I will give."

So the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away and asked no price at all. The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words:

"Do a kindness to some one every day."

The prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.

## A RECEIPT FOR HAPPINESS.

**I**T is simple : When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done. A left off garment to the man who needs it ; a kind word to the sorrowful ; an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air—will do it at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old ; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of life to eternity. Look at the result. You send one person, only one, happily through the day, and it is three hundred and sixty-five during the year ; and suppose you live forty years only after you commence this course, you have made fourteen thousand and six hundred human beings happy, at all events for a time. Now worthy reader is it not simple, and is it not worth accomplishing ?

~~~~~

**H**E who overlooks a small occasion will have lost his eyesight when a great one comes. Never wait for a chance to do good, never seek for some great thing, but improve each small opportunity as it comes to you, and some day you will be surprised to find that the truly great occasion of your life would have been overlooked had you not been keeping track of the small things.

## DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

**T**HERE'S many a trouble  
Would break like a bubble,  
And into the waters of Lethe depart,  
Did we not re-hearse it,  
And tenderly nurse it,  
And give it a permanent place in our heart.

There's many a sorrow  
Would vanish to-morrow,  
Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings;  
So, sadly intruding  
And quickly brooding,  
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming  
Of looks that are beaming,  
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor;  
Eyes bright as a berry,  
Cheeks red as a cherry,  
The groan and the curse and the heart-ache can cure.

Resolve to be merry,  
All worry to ferry  
Across the famed waters that bid us forget;  
And no longer tearful,  
But happy and cheerful,  
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

## ~~COMFORT ONE ANOTHER~~

**C**OMFORT one another  
For the way is growing dreary,  
The feet are often weary,  
And the heart is very sad,  
There's a heavy burden-bearing,  
When it seems that none are caring,  
And we half forget that we were ever glad.

Comfort one another  
With the hand-clasp close and tender,  
With the sweetness love can render,  
And the looks of friendly eyes.  
Do not wait with grace unspoken,  
While life's daily bread is broken,  
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.

Comfort one another :  
There are words of music ringing  
Down the ages, sweet as singing  
Of the happy choirs above.  
Ransomed saints and mighty angel,  
Lift the grand, deep-voiced evangel,  
When forever they are praising the eternal love.

Comfort one another  
By the hope of Him who sought us,  
In our peril — Him who bought us,  
Paying with his precious blood ;  
By the faith that will not alter,  
Trusting strength that will not falter,  
Leaning on the One divinely good.

## THE LION PATH.

I DARE not! —

Look — the road is very dark —  
The trees stir softly and the bushes shake;  
The long grass rustles, and the darkness moves  
Here — there — beyond? —  
There's something crept across the road just now!  
And you would have me go?  
Go *there* — through that live darkness hideous  
With stir of crouching forms that wait to kill?  
Ah, look! See there — and there — and there again —  
Great yellow glassy eyes, close to the ground!  
Look! Now the clouds are lighter I can see  
The long slow lashing of the sinewy tails,  
And the set quiver of strong jaws that wait —  
Go there? Not I! Who dares to go who sees  
So perfectly the lions in the path?

Comes one who dares —

Aid at first, yet bound  
On such high errand as no fear could stay,  
Forth goes he, with the lions in his path,  
And then? —

He dared a death of agony —  
Outnumbered battle with the king of beasts;  
Long struggle in the horror of the night;  
Dared and went forth to meet — O ye who fear!  
Finding an empty road, and nothing there.  
A wide, bare common road, with homely fields  
And fences, and the dusty roadside trees.  
— Some spitting kittens, maybe, in the grass.

— CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.



A NOBLE BOY.

## A BOY.



HERE'S something in a noble boy,  
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,  
With his unchecked, unbidden joy,  
His dread of books and love of fun ;  
And in his clear and ready smile,  
Unshaded by a thought of guile ;  
And unrepressed by sadness —  
Which brings me to my childhood back,  
As if I trod its very track,  
And felt its very gladness.

And yet it is not in his play,  
When every trace of thought is lost,  
And not when you would call him gay,  
That his bright presence thrills me most.  
His shout may ring upon the hill,  
His voice be echoed in the hall,  
His merry laugh like music thrill,  
And I in sadness hear it all —  
For like the wrinkles on my brow,  
I scarcely notice such things now.

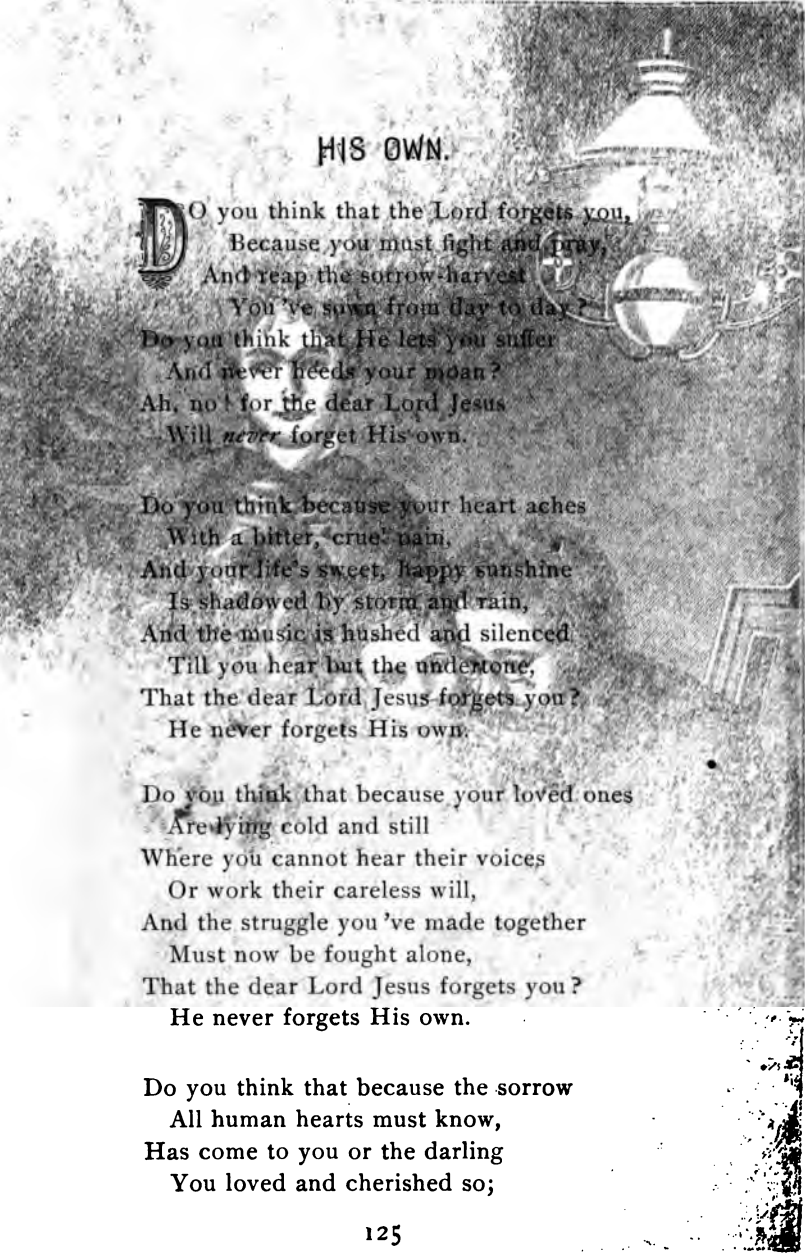
But when, amid the earnest game,  
He stops, as if he music heard,  
And, heedless of his shouted name  
As of the carol of a bird,  
Stands gazing on the empty air,  
As if some dream were passing there,  
'Tis then that on his face I look —  
His beautiful but thoughtful face —  
And, like a long forgotten book,  
Its sweet, familiar meaning trace.



4 BOY.



HE NEVER FORGETS HIS OWN.



## HIS OWN.

**D**O you think that the Lord forgets you,  
Because you must fight and pray,  
And reap the sorrow harvest  
You've sown from day to day?  
Do you think that He lets you suffer  
And never heeds your moan?  
Ah, no! for the dear Lord Jesus  
Will *never* forget His own.

Do you think because your heart aches  
With a bitter, "cruel" pain,  
And your life's sweet, happy sunshine  
Is shadowed by storm and rain,  
And the music is hushed and silenced  
Till you hear but the undertone,  
That the dear Lord Jesus forgets you?  
He never forgets His own.

Do you think that because your loved ones  
Are lying cold and still  
Where you cannot hear their voices  
Or work their careless will,  
And the struggle you've made together  
Must now be fought alone,  
That the dear Lord Jesus forgets you?  
He never forgets His own.

Do you think that because the sorrow  
All human hearts must know,  
Has come to you or the darling  
You loved and cherished so;



HOME FIRST.

## HOME FIRST.

**L**ET home stand first before all things. No matter how high your ambition may transcend its duties, no matter how far your talents or your influence may reach beyond its doors, before every thing else build up a kind home! Be not its slave; be its minister.

Let it not be enough that it is swept and garnished, that its silver is brilliant, that its food delicious, but feed the life in it, feed the truth in it, feed thought and aspiration, feed all charity and gentleness in it.

Then from its walls shall come forth the true woman and the true man, who shall together rule and bless the land.

Is it an overwrought picture? We think not.

What honor can be greater than to found such a home? What dignity higher than to reign its undisputed and honored mistress? What is the ability to speak from a public platform to a large audience, or the wisdom that may command a seat on the judge's bench, compared to that which can insure and preside over a true home that husband and children "rise and call her blessed?"

To be the guiding star, the ruling spirit, in such a position, is higher honor than to rule an empire.



It is one of the easiest, as one of the meanest things to be funny at other folk's expense.

## A HOLY LIFE.



Holy life is made up of a number of small things—little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles or battles nor one great heroic act of mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The constant sunbeams, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam “that go softly” in the meek mission of refreshment, not “waters of the river, great and many,” rushing down in noisy torrents, are the true symbols of a holy life.

The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, indiscretions, and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of the flesh—the avoidance of such little things as those go far to make up at least the negative beauty of a holy life.

—BONAR.

---

## THE SIN OF OMISSION.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone  
Which gives you a bit of heart-ache  
At the setting of the sun;  
The tender words forgotten,  
The letter you did not write,  
The flower you might have sent, dear  
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

### **SHE KNEW THE AUTHOR.**

committed some sin many years ago, and you think nothing is known about it. Don't you flatter yourself. God knows all about it, and be sure your sin will find you out. Your own conscience may turn witness against you by and by. If you sow tares you will reap disappointment, you will reap despair, you will reap death and hell. If you sow to the Spirit you shall reap joy and happiness and eternal life. The reaping time is come. What is the harvest going to be? If you confess your sin, God will have mercy; He delights in mercy.

—D. L. Moody.

### **SHE KNEW THE AUTHOR.**


**I**T is said that a gentleman in conversation with a lady upon the subject of certain of the utterances of the poet Browning, insisted that his interpretation of the poet was correct because he was a friend of Browning, and enjoyed his personal acquaintance. Afterward he chaffed the lady for her faith in the Scriptures, which he said was childish and unmeaning. "But you forget," was the reply, "That I am acquainted with the author." It is this acquaintance with God that makes his word so true, so precious, so comforting to the devout believer. If we know God, we shall surely recognize his word.

The man who depends on the spur of the moment often discovers that particular moment hasn't any spur.

**WHATEVER YOU DO, DO CHEERFULLY.**

Thus we keep the memory precious,  
While we never cease to pray,  
That at last, when lengthening shadows  
Mark the evening of life's day,  
They may find us waiting calmly,  
"To go home our mother's way."

**WHATEVER YOU DO, DO CHEERFULLY.**

HATEVER you do, do cheerfully,  
As if your heart was in it,  
'Twill smooth the way to the goal you seek,  
And give you strength to win it.  
For little of silver or gold you'll get,  
If you make up your mind to frown and fret ;  
Little of joy for a lonely hour,  
If you never have planted a single flower ;  
What though the task a hard one be,  
Still with a smile begin it ;  
And whatever you do, do cheerfully  
As if your heart was in it.

The help you give with a cheery word  
Is a double help to your neighbor,  
For it puts a song in the weary heart  
That knoweth no rest from labor.  
For little you'll know of real delight  
If you work for yourself from morn till night,  
And never have a penny to spend,  
Or a loving thought for a needy friend ;  
The thread of life will longer wear,  
If with a song you spin it ;  
So whatever you do, do cheerfully,  
As if your heart was in it.

*IT CANNOT BE DONE.*

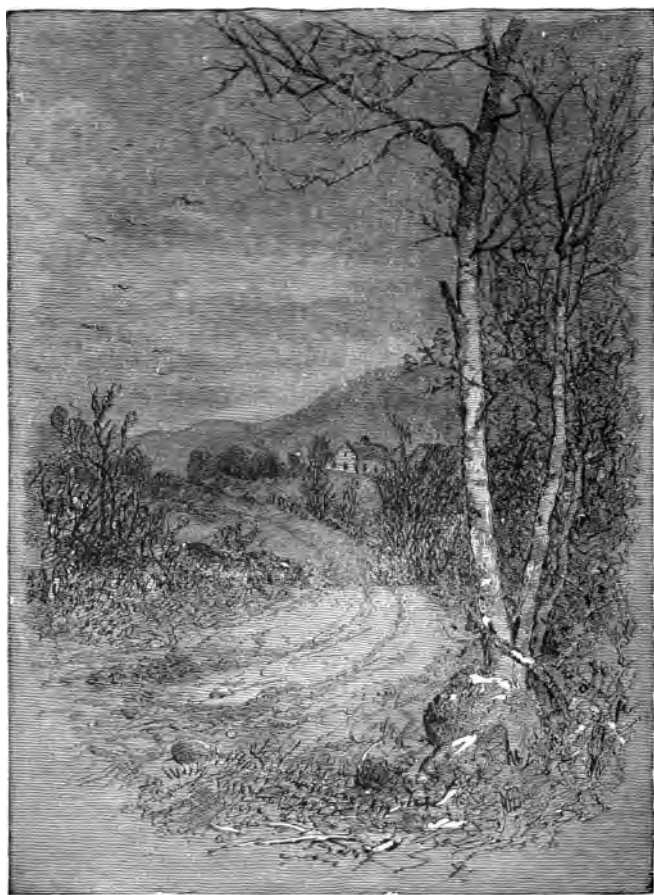
so that they can avoid the early and arduous struggles of the majority of those who have been successful. No wonder that such men fail, and then complain of Providence. Grumbling is usually a miserable expedient that people resort to, to drown the reproaches of conscience. They know that they have been foolish, but they try to persuade themselves they have been unfortunate.

~~~~~  
*IT CANNOT BE DONE.*

**G**ATHER up my influence and bury it with me, "were the dying words of a young man to the weeping friends at his bedside. What a wish is this? What a deep anguish of heart there must have been as the young man reflected upon his past life—a life which had not been what it should have been. With what deep regrets must his very soul have been filled as he thought of those young men he had influenced for evil; influences which he felt ought to be eradicated, and which led him faintly, but pleadingly, to breathe out such a dying request, "Gather up my influence and bury it with me."

Young men, the influence of your lives for good or evil cannot be gathered up by your friends after death, no matter how earnestly you may plead. Then, remember, your influence is now going out from you; you alone are now responsible; you have now the power to govern and shape it. Then live noble, true, heroic, God-like lives.





FROM SUCH HUMBLE HOMES TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

## THEY WERE ALL POOR BOYS.

**J**OHAN Adams second president, was the son of a farmer of very moderate means. The only start he had was a good education.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina, and was raised in the pine-woods for which the State is famous.

James K. Polk spent the earlier years of his life helping to dig a living out of a new farm in North Carolina. He was afterwards clerk in a country store.

Millard Fillmore was the son of a New York farmer, and his home a very humble one. He learned the business of clothier.

James Buchanan was born in a small town in the Alleghany Mountains. His father cut the logs and built a house in what was then a wilderness.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a very poor farmer in Kentucky, and lived in a log cabin until he was twenty-one years old.

Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten years by his widowed mother. He never was able to attend school, and picked up all the education he ever had.

General Grant lived the life of a common boy in a common house on the bank of the Ohio River, until he was seventeen years of age.

James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on the farm until he was strong enough to use carpenter tools, when he learned the trade. He afterwards worked on the canal.

## SMILES.

**H**OW little they cost, and how much good they do. What a cold and cheerless world this would be without them. And yet we do not have half enough of them.

I believe many a poor drunkard or fallen woman might be won back to the right path, if they could have kind words, and looks, instead of frowns, cold shoulders, and hard words. What humanity needs is more sympathy and love, to feel that some one cares for them. A good way is to give a friendly nod and a bright smile to every one, even those we are not acquainted with.

I remember once spending the day with a lady friend, and during the time had occasion to pass the "kitchen help;" as I did so I gave her a nod and smile, but should never have thought of it again had not my friend told me shortly after that she had a compliment for me, and then went on to say that the girl had just said:

"Sure Missis, and ye have a very beautiful lady in the parlor to-day."

She asked what made her say that, and she replied:

"Because she looked right at me and laughed."

"You ought to see how happy she is over it," said my friend.

Poor creature, I knew she was not accustomed to smiles. It did not matter to her that day, that her

#### OUR MISSION.

to go forth in His name, doing His bidding regardless of the opposition or the opinion of men.

Right here is where many fail in these days. The opinions, oppositions, and ridicule of men, the criticism as to their mode of doing, hinder many really good people from attempting that which they feel called of God to perform; but such should remember the promises of God are sure, and if He wants us to do anything, we had better be about it and leave the result with Him.

Some are not fulfilling their mission for lack of interest in their fellow men; others from selfishness; others from a love of ease; and a few are waiting to do some great thing. But be not deceived; God will never waste His grace upon us. We shall never have the ability to do great things until we prove ourselves capable by obedience in little things. But the cry is: "where shall we work?"

The very best place is *just where you are*.

"What shall we do?"

Do the duty that lies nearest and you will be surprised how the way will open up for other, and greater things.

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

~~~~~  
**D**O all the good you can,  
To all the people you can,  
In all the places you can,  
By all the means you can,  
At all the times you can,  
And as long as ever you can."




BEAR THE CROSS YOU HAVE.

## BEAR THE CROSS YOU HAVE.

**L**ET us be satisfied with the cross we now have to carry. Too often we wish that we might exchange our present cross for one which lies beyond our reach. We know not what we ask, when we ask for an untried cross in the place of the one which we are wearing. We sometimes think if we only had the cross which another brother seems to be easily bearing, we could get along better; but very likely if we had his cross we would want to exchange it for still another. Mr. Spurgeon wisely says: "It is folly to imagine, as we have sometimes done, that we could bear anything except that which we are called upon to endure. We are like the young man who says he wants a situation. What can you do? He can do anything. That man you never engage, because you know he can do nothing. So it is with us. If we say, 'I can bear anything but this,' we prove our universal impatience. If we had the choice of our crosses, the one we should choose would turn out to be more inconvenient than that which God appoints for us, and yet we will have it that our present cross is unsuitable and specially galling. I would say to any of that mind, 'if your burden does not fit your shoulder, bear it till it does.' Time will reconcile you to the yoke, if grace abides with you." Is not one great reason why Christians bear their cross with apparent ease and even satisfaction, because they do not chafe under it, but make the best use of the

## GOOD HUMOR.


 **M**ONG the rules of behavior which George Washington drew up for himself when but fourteen years of age, is one concerning cheerfulness at the table; for, he says, "Good humor makes one dish of meat a feast."

The daintiest meal can be spoiled by a frowning face. It is bad manners to carry ill-humor to the table, and it is bad economy besides; for bad humor makes bad digestion, and bad digestion calls for the doctor.

Who does not like sunshine better than cloud? A little sunshine on a face goes a long way toward lighting up a whole house. Never go to the table with a clouded face. The food will not be good if you do, no matter how carefully it has been prepared. Somebody will catch your cloudiness, and before you know it a thunder-storm may break over the table!

Cultivate good humor, and especially resolve that you will "eat no meal while the world stands" if it must be eaten in ill humor.

---

 **I**N getting rich remember that there are two questions which every rich man will be called upon to answer at the day of judgment. The first is, "How did you get your money?" and the second, "What did you do with it?"

## THE REVENUE GAIN.

**P**ROUD bird, so noble and free,  
Perched "mid the stripes and stars,"  
As ye sit with brave, outspreading wings,  
There's a stain your banner mars.

Oh! have ye no eyes to weep?  
See ye not the blood of the slain?  
The blood of America's noblest sons,  
Poured out for revenue gain?

Proud eagle, fold your wings  
And hang your head with shame,  
That the Christian nation ye symbolize  
Such murderous laws should frame!  
O'er a dark and dreadful sea,  
The ensign of freedom waves,  
While the "ship of state" is bearing down  
Brave sons to dishonored graves.

Sixty thousand a year are hurled  
Neath the terrible flood,  
While government fosters the fearful crime  
And pockets the price of blood!  
And wives and children may wail,  
And "Rachels" may weep in vain;  
For the "ship of state" with flaunting sail  
Must take her revenue gain!

Wrecked are bodies and souls of men;  
But what are human lives,  
What are prayers and groans and sighs and tears,  
What are broken-hearted wives,





LABOR.

## LABOR.

**P**AUSE not to dream of the future before us ;  
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us ;  
Hark, how creation's deep, musical chorus,  
Unintermitting, goes up to heaven !  
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing ;  
Never the little seed stops in its growing ;  
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,  
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship !" the robin is singing ;  
"Labor is worship !" the wild bee is ringing ;  
Listen ! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,  
Speakes to my soul from out Nature's great heart.  
From the dark cloud flows the soft-breathing flower,  
From the small insect the rich coral bower ;  
Only man, in his pain, ever shrinks from his part.

"Labor is life !" — 'Tis the still water faileth ;  
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth ;  
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth !  
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of the noon.  
Labor is glory ! — The flying cloud lightens ;  
Only the waving wing changes and brightens ;  
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens,  
Play the sweet keys would'st thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest, from the sorrows that greet us ;  
Rest from the petty vexations that meet us ;  
Rest from the sin-promptings that ever entreat us ;  
Rest from the world-sirens that lure us to ill.

## THE RIGHT ROAD.

I HAVE lost the road to happiness,  
Does any one know it, pray?  
I was dwelling there when the morn was fair,  
But somehow I wandered away.

"I saw rare treasures in scenes of pleasures,  
I ran to pursue them, when lo!  
I had lost the path to happiness,  
And knew not whither to go.

"I have lost the way to happiness,  
O, who will lead me back?"

"Turn off from the highway of selfishness  
To the right, up duty's track.

"Keep straight along, and you can't go wrong;  
For as sure as you live, I say,  
The fair lost fields of happiness  
Can only be found that way."

— ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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## A SOFT ANSWER.

IT is hard to give, but it pays. Very few quarrels but what will be immediately stopped by a soft answer. We feel that it is not always just nor right, but it works successfully every time. When you are the injured ones and are blamed wrongfully, it is hard to give a soft answer; but after all, what need have we to care whether we gain the best of the argument or are successful in carrying our point?

HOW TO GROW BEAUTIFUL.

"She soothed me, but did not contradict me.

"Presently she took me to her room, and after amusing me for some time said : 'I have a present for you,' handing a scaly coarse lump, covered with earth. 'It is rough and brown as you, "ugly," did you say? Very well! We will call it by your name, then. It is you! Now you shall plant it, and water it, and give it sun for a week or two.'

"I planted it and watered it carefully ; the green leaves came out first, and at last the golden Japanese lily, the first I had ever seen. Madame came to share my delight.

" 'Ah,' she said, significantly, 'who would believe so much beauty and fragrance were shut up in that little, rough, ugly thing? But it took heart and came into the sun.'

"It was the first time it ever occurred to me that, in spite of an ugly face, I, too, might be able to win friends, and make myself beloved in the world."

---

( "God always has some better gifts for those who )  
are grateful for what they have already received."

*Love*

---

The serene, silent beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in the world, next to the might of the Spirit of God.



LIFE'S THRESHOLD.

## LIFE'S THRESHOLD.



little feet, as yet untired  
By any steps on life's rough way !  
Sweet blue eyes, undimmed by tears !  
O dimpled hands, stretched out in play !

Love longs to lead those little feet  
Through sunny meadows, bright with flowers ;  
Where all is fair, and glad, and sweet—  
An azure sky that never lowers.

Love longs to teach those laughing eyes  
To see with clear and earnest sight  
Each turning page of life's great book,  
Where few, alas, can read aright.

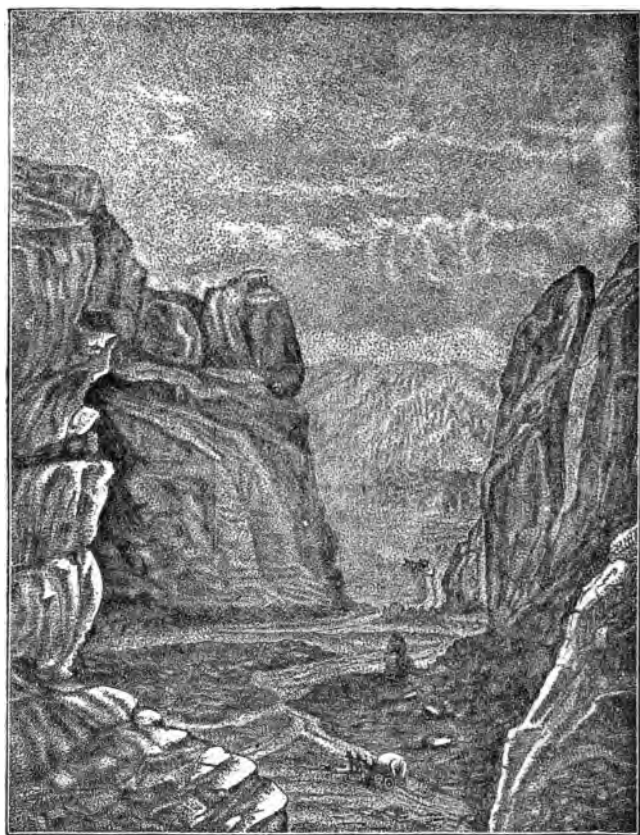
Love longs to give those little hands,  
Stretched out to us in merry play,  
Blossoms to hold that have no thorns,  
And treasures none can take away.

And yet how powerless, at the best,  
Is human love. Through hopes and fears  
Those little feet must walk alone,  
And those blue eyes shed many tears.

But, Love Eternal, thou art near ;  
Around our restlessness thy rest !  
Those thou dost guard, and guide, and teach,  
Are now and ever fully blest.

Oh !—may these feet walk in thy ways ;  
May these sweet eyes look up to thee ;  
These little hands receive thy gifts ;  
Thus blessed to all eternity.

— A. M. CHARLESWORTH.



**A BRIGHTER MORROW.**

## A BRIGHTER MORROW.

**D**ARK cloud-folds wave above us,  
The squadrons of the rain  
Bear down upon the forest,  
And sweep along the plain ;  
They break their shining lances  
Against our loved retreat,  
And trample our sweet blossoms  
With swift, unsparing feet ;  
Yet will our hearts be joyous,  
Nor grief nor trouble borrow,  
There cometh peace, the storm will cease—  
There'll be a brighter morrow.

So, when our lives are darkened,  
And clouds of ill hang o'er,  
We'll never fear the sunshine  
Will find the earth no more.  
“Let not your hearts be troubled !”  
Still kindly sayeth He  
Whose mandate hushed the waters  
Of stormy Galilee.  
He brings the balm of Gilead  
To heal the wounds of sorrow ;  
At His behest, there cometh rest—  
There 'll be a brighter morrow.

Brave brother, art thou weary  
And is the journey long ?  
Dear sisters, dost thou falter,  
Hath sorrow stilled thy song ?



## WHEN SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

**W**HAT there is a time to speak and a time to keep silent, seems to be an idea which some very good people have failed to grasp. The Mongols illustrate this thought in a story that runs thus:

Two geese, when about to start southward on their autumn migration, were entreated by a frog to take him with them. On the geese expressing their willingness to do so if a means of conveyance could be devised, the frog produced a stock of strong grass, got the two geese to take it one by each end, while he clung to it with his mouth in the middle.

In this manner the three were making the journey successfully when they were noticed from below by some men, who loudly expressed their admiration of the device, and wondered who had been clever enough to discover it. The frog opened his mouth to say, "It was I," lost his hold, fell to the earth, and was dashed to pieces.

MORAL:—Do not let pride induce you to speak when safety requires you to be silent.

---

## TRUST AND REST.

**T**RUST God implicitly, submit to Him cheerfully, and you will find that all shall be well; that more grace will be given you; that the heavier the trial, the larger will be the blessed measure of the strength. The shepherd is leading you in the right way to his own blessed fold. Leave it all to Him.

## NO MONEY IN IT.

**M**Y mother gets me up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast, and sends me off," said a bright youth. "Then she gets my father up and gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast, and sends them to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, she is 'most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

"Are you well paid?"

"I get two dollars a week, and father gets two dollars a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildered look the boy said, "Mother, why she don't work for anybody."

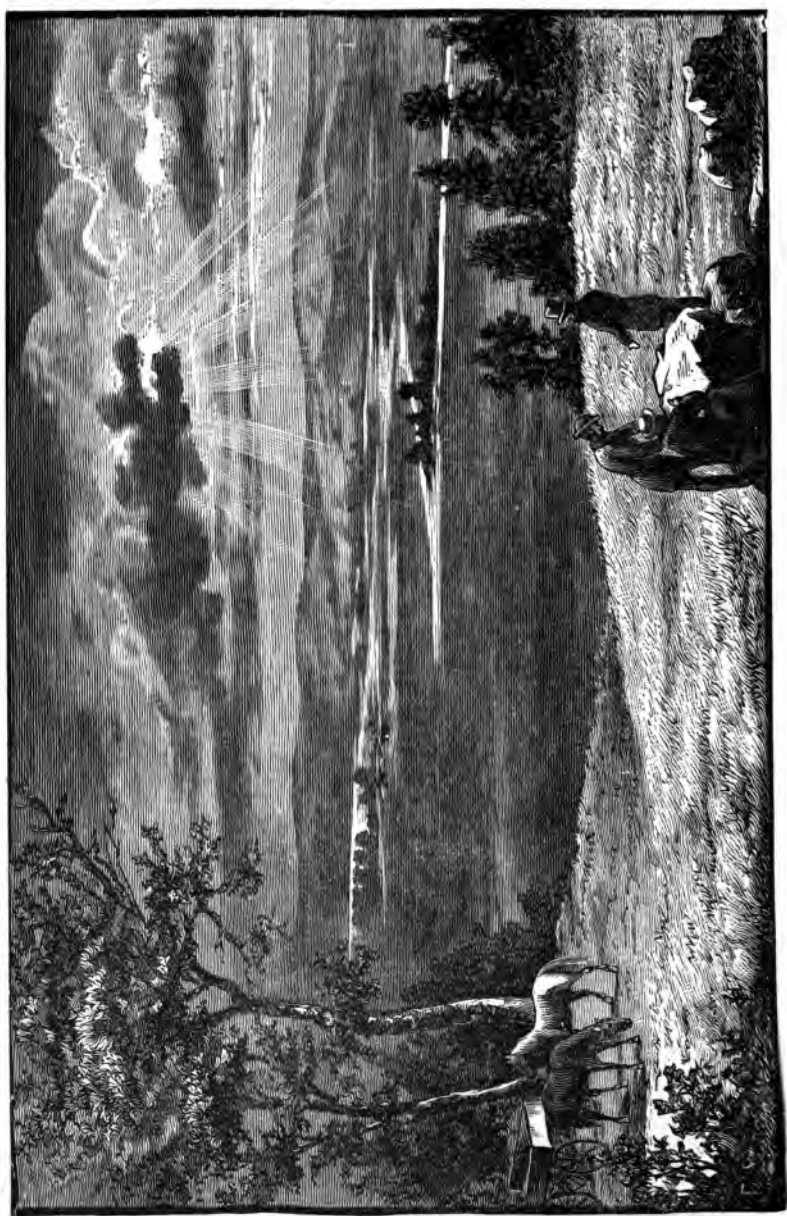
"I thought you said she worked for all of you."

"Oh, yes, for us, she does; but there ain't no money in it."

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## WHEN SHALL WE WIN.

**W**HEN shall we win? Why, when we fire  
Straight to the mark and never tire;  
When we hold fast, as we've begun  
And still work on till all is done.



## KEEPING HIS WORD.

**E**MPLOYEES are often very particular not to overstep their own duties, or to do work neglected by others. It would be well, however, for every young man just starting in life to remember that the man who succeeds, is the one who is ready to turn his hand to anything that will advance the interest of his employer, as he would be were he in business for himself.

Mr. Wilder, the first president of the American Tract Society, and widely known for his large benevolence in this country and in Europe, was once head clerk for a large firm in Charlestown, Mass. He sold a customer a ball of Russian duck, to be delivered at one o'clock. The firm was out of duck and he went over to Boston to buy it. No cart-man was at hand, and he engaged a porter to take it over in a wheel barrow.

Returning soon after, he found the porter on the bridge, sitting on the wheel barrow, half dead with heat. It was half-past twelve and the duck was promised at one. Without hesitation, Mr. Wilder, in spite of heat and dust, started with the wheel-barrow.

A wealthy merchant on horseback met him and said, with a smile, "Turned truckman, Wilder?"

"These goods are due at one o'clock," said Mr. Wilder, "and my porter has given out, so I must deliver them myself to keep my word."

"Good, good!" said the gentleman, and went di-

## THE GRUMBLER.

### HIS YOUTH.

**H**IS cap was too thick and his coat was too thin ;  
He couldn't be quiet, he hated a din ;  
He hated to write, and he hated to read ;  
He was certainly very much injured indeed ;  
He must study and toil ; overwork he detested ;  
His parents were strict and he never was rested ;  
He knew he was wretched as wretched could be,  
There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

### HIS MANHOOD.

His farm was too small and his taxes too big ;  
He was selfish and lazy and as cross as a pig ;  
His wife was too silly, his children too rude,  
And just because he was uncommonly good !  
He hadn't got money enough to spare ;  
He had nothing at all fit to eat or to wear ;  
He knew he was wretched as wretched could be,  
There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

### HIS OLD AGE.

He finds he has sorrows more deep than his fears ;  
He grumbles to think he has grumbled for years ;  
He grumbles to think he has grumbled away  
His home and his children, his life's little day.  
But alas ! 'tis too late ! It is no use to say  
That his eyes are too dim and his hair too gray ;  
He knows he is wretched as wretched can be ;  
There is no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

## IF I HAD KNOWN.

**I**F I had known when last I touched the finger  
Of him I loved so well,  
That ne'er again their clinging clasp would thrill me  
With love's strange spell,  
I had not been so careless in my greeting  
So free to say farewell —  
If I had known !

If I had known that low voice, sad and tender,  
That pleaded for one word,  
One little word to carry as love's token,  
Would ne'er be heard  
Till life were past, my heart, then cold and careless,  
How might it have been stired —  
If I had known !

If I had known ! Ah, hopeless, sad reflection ;  
Thus late, it brings no cheer,  
If I had known how soon cold death would silence  
The voice so dear :  
Had shown some of the little love I cherished,  
Life were not now so drear —  
If I had known !

—M. C. BROWN.





- "Grandma, I mean to thread your needles ever so nicely to-day."

## TIREDSOME.

**I** HATE threading needles," said Millicent to herself as she undressed one night, "and yet grandma is always wanting me to do it! I believe she uses all these threads on purpose. I wish there were some one else besides me to do things. Its Milly here and Milly there, all day long."

The little grumbling girl pulled off her dress with vexed fingers, and a button went flying under the chest of drawers; and then, instead of looking for it, she turned to the table and began to brush her hair.

Then her eyes fell upon the text-book, with her text for the day, and she started when she thought how little she had remembered it: "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord!"

"Threading needles?" she questioned, blushing as she remembered how far from heartily she had performed that little task that dull afternoon.

"'As to the Lord!' I never thought of that!" she exclaimed. "How could I be so horrid? and grandma, too! (Why, I ought to have done it out of love to her, to say nothing of Jesus!)"

She hid her face with her hands. Millicent did love Jesus, but, somehow, it was so much easier to please herself.

The next day the little girl stole up to the patient, aged one, who had so few pleasures, and, in a little gentle voice said: "Grandma, I mean to thread your needles ever so nicely to-day."



## AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE.

**D**ON'T look for flaws as you go through life;  
And even when you find them,  
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,  
And look for the virtue behind them;  
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light  
Somewhere in its shadowy hiding;  
It is better far to hunt for a star,  
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs every way  
To the bosom of God's great ocean.  
Don't waste your force 'gainst the river's course  
And think to alter its motion.  
Don't waste a curse on the universe—  
Remember, it lived before you.  
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form—  
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself  
To suit your whims to the letter.  
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,  
And the sooner you know it the better.  
It is folly to fight with the infinite,  
And go under at last in the wrestle.  
The wiser man shapes himself in God's plan  
As the water shapes into a vessel.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.




### QUEEN OR WIFE.

try to supplant you. Be sober; be vigilant; keep a firm hand, and keep steadily on. The dust will clear by and by. Lies will die, liars will find their level, and the man who keeps steadily on will reach the goal at last.

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### QUEEN OR WIFE.

A PRETTY LITTLE STORY OF VICTORIA'S EARLY MARRIED DAYS.

 HE marriage of Queen Victoria, then only twenty years of age, to Prince Albert of Saxe-Gotha, was, it is well known, a veritable love match, but for some years the royal lady found some difficulty in reconciling her sense of dignity and her wifely affections. The story goes that one day, after a little disagreement, her majesty having expressed herself in rather a despotic tone, the prince, whose manly self-respect was smarting at her words, sought the seclusion of his own apartments, closing and locking the door after him.

In about five minutes some one knocked at his door.

"Who is it?" inquired the prince.

"It is I. Open to the Queen of England!" haughtily responded her majesty.

There was no reply. After a long interval there came a gentle tapping, and the low spoken words:

"It is I, Victoria, your wife "

( And then the door was opened, and the young bride was clasped in her husband's arms. )



LACKING SIZE.

## MISTAKES OF BOYS.



BOY would not be worth much if he never made mistakes, or was never told of them.

There is hope for a boy just in proportion to the number of mistakes he makes and afterward corrects.

One of the most common mistakes a boy makes is his ideas in regard to size. This he hankers after most of all. You will see him stretch himself trying to catch up with his big brother or playmate, measure himself and scratch the wall, count the days and almost the hours when he will be a "man."

Here you see him with his father's slippers, coat, cap and spectacles, trying to be "manly."

Ah, boys, there is something else these days that counts for manliness more than size or strength.

He is most manly who makes most of his time; who has the best heart and brain. It is not size that makes a man. We have seen a great six-foot specimen of humanity do a weak, cowardly act that ought to make any rightly bred seven-year-old boy blush for him.

No, it is not size you need to be manly, neither is it strength, for you can be the kindest, most truthful, patient, happy boy in the world, making the very atmosphere you live in a glorious place for yourself and all around you, with just the very size and strength you now have. Try it!

DO SOMETHING.

How is it when it comes home?

How little some seem to care for the evils of the saloon in their midst so long as their son has not yet been drawn in, or the house of ill-fame, so long as their daughter has not been enticed.

Oh that men would wake up to their responsibility of the evils in their midst, and help prevent the spread of it before they have to exclaim in anguish, "*the next one is mine.*"

---

DO SOMETHING.

**Y**OU cannot set the world right, or the times, but you can do something for the truth, and all you can do will certainly tell if the work is for the Master, who gives you your share, and so the burden of responsibility is lifted off. This assurance makes peace, satisfaction, and repose possible even in the partial work done upon the earth. Go to a man who is carving a stone for a building; ask him where is that stone going, to what part of the temple, and how he is going to get it in its place; and what does he do? He points you to the builder's plans. So, when men shall ask where and how is your little achievement going into God's great plan, point them to the Master, who keeps the plans, and then go on doing your little service as faithfully as if the whole temple were yours to build.

PHILIP BROOKS.

## JUDGE NOT.

**H**OW do we know what hearts have vilest sin ?

How do we know ?

Many, like sepulchers, are foul within,  
Whose outward garb is spotless as the snow  
And many may be pure we think not so.  
How near to God the souls of such have been,  
What mercy secret penitence may win—  
How do we know ?

How can we tell who sinned more than we ?

How can we tell ?

We think our brother walked guiltily,  
Judging him in self-righteousness. Ah, well !  
Perhaps had we been driven through the hell  
Of his untold temptations, we might be  
Less upright in our daily walk than he—  
How can we tell ?

Dare we condemn the ills that others do ?

Dare we condemn ?

Their strength is small, their trials not a few,  
The tide of wrong is difficult to stem.  
And if to us more clearly than to them  
Is given knowledge of the great and true,  
More do they need our help and pity, too—  
Dare we condemn !

(God help us all and lead us day by day—

God help us all !

We cannot walk alone the perfect way.

Evil allures us, tempts us, and we fall.

We are but human, and our power is small ;  
Not one of us may boast, and not a day  
Rolls o'er our heads but each hath need to say  
God bless us all !



TWO SIDES.

## TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

**D**O you know what you're doing young lady,  
When you're trying to capture a beau?  
When you dress you in fancy apparel  
And go on the streets for a show?  
Will you be quite content with the mortal  
You are trying so faithful to get?  
Or, after the bargain is over,  
Will you have a dissatisfied fit?

There are fits which are painful and lasting,  
But physicians the end may foretell,  
But with this kind of fit, I am fearful,  
You will have all your life to get well.  
I have learned by a slight observation  
There are sometimes two sides to a thing;  
I've noticed that sometimes young ladies  
Are apt to cry after they sing.

You say you love him for his beauty!  
Do you know he takes you for your dress?  
Do you know love is proved in the homestead,  
And that this will not stand the sad test?  
You will have few hours for the ball-room,  
And household duties to shirk,  
For 'tis plain he will never be able  
To provide should you fail in the work.

And when there's no time for the frizzes,  
And bustles are things of the past,  
And he sees that the beauty he married  
When confined to the home fails to last,



## PRAYING FOR MORE FAITH.

**T**HESE words from that much loved man, Philip Brooks, are worthy of serious thought.

"I hear men praying everywhere for more faith, but when I listen to them carefully and get at the real heart of their prayer, it is no more faith at all that they are wanting, but a change from faith to sight."

"What shall I do with this sorrow that God has sent me?"

"Take it up and bear it, and get strength and blessing out of it."

"Ah, if I only knew what blessing there was in it. If I only saw how it would help me, then I could bear it."

"What shall I do with this hard hateful duty which Christ has laid right in my way?"

"Do it, and grow by doing it."

"Ah, yes, if I could only see that it would make me grow."

In both these cases do you not see that what you are begging for is not more faith, although you think it is, but sight.

You want to see for yourself the blessing in the sorrow, the strength in the hard hateful task.

Faith says not, "I see that it is good for me, and so God must have sent it," but "God sent it, and so it must be good for me." Faith, walking in the dark with God only prays Him to clasp its hand more closely, does not even ask Him for the lighting of the darkness, so that the man may find the way himself.

## BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

**I**N speaking of a person's faults,  
Pray don't forget your own ;  
Remember, those in homes of glass  
Should seldom throw a stone.

If we have nothing else to do  
But talk of those who sin,  
'Tis better we commence at home,  
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man  
Until he's fairly tried ;  
Should we not like his company,  
We know the world is wide.  
Some may have faults—and who have not ?  
The old as well as young ;  
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,  
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,  
And find it works full well ;  
To try my own defects to cure  
Before of others tell ;  
And though I sometimes hope to be  
No worse than some I know,  
My own shortcomings bid me let  
The faults of others go.


Then let us all when we commence  
To slander friend or foe,  
Think of the harm one word may do  
To those we little know.  
Remember, curses sometimes, like  
Our chickens, "roost at home."  
Don't speak of other's faults until  
We have none of our own.



HUMAN FLOWERS.

"Blessed is she who trains these human flowers for me."

## “THE GARDEN OF ROSES.”

 IS the Master's garden of beauty now,  
An orchard of pleasant fruits.  
As he walks in the shade at the cool of day,  
With voice of approval we hear Him say,  
“Blessed is she  
Who trains these human flowers for me.”

Once it brought forth only briars and thorns—  
No plant of beauty was here ;  
No shade where the Master could love to rest,  
No roses to fasten upon his breast ;  
He turned his face  
Away in grief from the wasted place.

Now he looks with joy on the tender vines,  
And blesses the gardener's care ;  
The winds of his providence send abroad,  
Over desolate waste and dusty road,  
A fragrance rare  
From his purchased garden of roses fair.

As he walks among the beds of bloom,  
A touch of his gentle hand  
Breaks now and again from the parent stem  
From among the buds the fairest of them ;  
But not to die—  
His touch giveth life eternally.

'Tis blessed to work in thy garden, Lord ;  
Give even to me a share !  
When comest in at the cool of day,  
May the word be for me when Thou shalt say,  
“Blessed is she  
Who trains these human flowers for me.”

—MRS. J. H. KNOWLES.



## THIS IS LIFE.

**I** HAVE planned much work for my life," she said ,  
A girlish creature with golden hair,  
And bright and winsome as she was fair.

"The days are full, since we are wed ;  
The clothes to buy, and the home to make  
A very Eden, for your dear sake."

But cares soon come to the wedded wife ;  
She shares his duties, and hopes and fears,  
Which lessen not with the waning years.

For a very struggle at best is life ;  
If we knew the burdens along the line  
We would shrink to receive this gift divine.

Sometimes, in the hush of the evening hour  
She thinks of the leisure she meant to gain,  
And the work she would do with hand and brain.

"I am tired to-night ; I am lacking power  
To think," she says : "I must wait until  
My brain is rested, and pulse is still."

O ! Woman and Man, there is never rest.  
Dream not of a leisure that will not come  
Till age shall make you both blind and dumb.

You must live each day at your very best ;  
The work of the world is done by few ;  
God asks that a part be done by you.

**‘WHATEVER IS—IS BEST.’**

**I** KNOW as my life grows older,  
And mine eyes have clearer light,  
That under each rank wrong somewhere  
There lies the root of right ;  
That each sorrow has its purpose  
By the sorrowing oft unguessed ;  
But as sure as the sun begins morning,  
Whatever is—is best.

I know that each sinful action,  
As sure as night brings shade,  
Is somewhere, somehow, punished,  
Though the hour is long delayed ;  
I know that the soul is aided  
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,  
And to grow means often to suffer,  
But whatever is—is best.

I know there is no error  
In the great supernal plan,  
And all things work together  
For the final good of man ;  
I know when my soul speeds onward  
In its grand eternal quest,  
I shall cry as I look back earthward,  
“Whatever is—is best.”

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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The cross we pick out for ourselves is always the heaviest.

## CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

**D**EAR readers, please allow a few words in regard to the preparation of Christmas gifts. I do not mean our quiet home affairs, but the public ones, those usually given in church. It has been said no church will prosper, no souls be saved, where such things are allowed in the church, on account of the envy, strife and hard feelings usually gotten up at such times.

Shall this be true of your church? If not, be careful what you do, and how you do. Avoid the spirit of striving to outdo others. Do not buy anything you are not able to get, because others will do so and so. Do not make gifts for the rich and neglect the poor. Do not knowingly wound another's feelings. Strive to make hearts glad because it is Christmas, instead of painfully reminding them of something they would like to do if they had the means.

Remember whose birthday we are celebrating and let everything be done in the spirit and harmony of such an important event.

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## WORDS OF WISDOM.

**B**E up and doing. "Life is real, life is earnest." Negligence now may place the invaluable prize of immortality beyond your reach forever, no matter how much you might desire to strive hereafter to attain it.

— ADDISON.





SUSIE'S WISH.

## SUSIE'S WISH.

**H**OW I wish that dollars grew  
On a bush !” said little Sue—  
Pretty, blue-eyed Susie Snow—  
Thinking in an idle way  
Of a doll she saw one day  
In a window placed for show.

“Go and seek for them awhile,”  
Answered grandma, with a smile,  
“Where the berry-pastures spread ;  
Go with pails and baskets, quick,  
Where the blueberries are thick ;  
There the dollars are,” she said.

Little Sue ran down the hill,  
Crossed the brook beyond the mill,  
Reached the pastures stretching wide,  
With a shining prize in view,  
Now her fingers almost flew,  
Gathering fruit on every side.

When the busy day was spent,  
With her berries home she went.  
“Oh !” she laughed as Grandma Snow  
Measured them, and every time  
Counted in a silver dime—  
“Now I see how dollars grow.”

—M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

## IT NEVER PAYS.

**I**T never pays to fret or growl  
When fortune seems our foe ;  
The better bred will push ahead  
And strike the braver blow.  
For luck is work,  
And those who shirk  
Should not lament their doom :  
But yield the play  
And clear the way,  
That better men have room.

It never pays to foster pride,  
And squander wealth in show ;  
For friends thus won are sure to run  
In times of want or woe.  
The noble worth  
Of all the earth  
Are gems of heart and brain—  
A conscience clear,  
A household dear,  
And hands without a stain.

It never pays to hate a foe  
Or cater to a friend.  
To fawn and whine, much less repine,  
To borrow or to lend.  
The faults of men  
Are fewer when  
Each rows his own canoe,  
For friends and debts  
Like pampered pets,  
Unbounded mischief brew.

**THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.**

hardest struggle of his life to be so hard with his boy. But he felt it was the only course to make a man of me. Many a time we've laughed over that two dollar board bill."

**THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.**

**L**ET'S oftener talk of noble deeds,  
And rarer of the bad ones,  
And sing about our happy days,  
And not about the sad ones.  
We are not made to fret and sigh,  
And when grief sleeps to wake it :  
Bright happiness is standing by—  
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,  
Or be believers in it ;  
(A light there is in every soul  
That takes the pains to win it.)  
Oh ! there's a slumbering good in all ;  
And we perchance may wake it ;  
Our hands contain the magic wand—  
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts  
Shed light and joy about them !  
Thanks be them for countless gems  
We ne'er had known without them.  
Oh ! this should be a happy world  
To all who may partake it :  
The fault's our own if it is not—  
This life is what we make it.



WINGS.

## WINGS.

**W**HAT matter it though life uncertain be  
To all? What though its goal  
Be never reached? What though it fall  
and flee,  
Have we not each a soul?

A soul that quickly must arise and soar  
To regions far more pure—  
Arise and dwell where pain can be no more,  
And every joy is sure.

Be like the bird that on the bough too frail  
To bear him, gayly swings ;  
Carols though the slender branches fail—  
He knows that he has wings.

— VICTOR HUGO.

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## HONEST ANYHOW.

**I**T is one thing to be true to principle when surrounded by those who are upright, and quite another thing when others are immoral. Moreover, when the world seems to be against a man and the clouds hang low—this is the time to test his true nobility of character. A good many years ago in one of the southern states a bright, active colored boy was offered for sale in one of the slave markets. A gentleman taking pity on the lad determined to buy him and insure him kind treatment. Before he bid for him, he said to the boy: “If I buy you will you be honest?” Quickly came the



GOOD NIGHT.

## GOOD-NIGHT.

**T**HERE is a tender sweetness about some of our common phrases of affectionate greeting, simple and unobtrusive as they are, which falls like dew upon the heart. Good-night! The little one lisps it as, gowned in white, with shining face and hands, and prayers said, she toddles off to bed. Sisters and brothers exchange the wish; parents and children; friends and friends.

Familiar use has robbed it of its significance to some of us; we repeat it automatically without much thought. But consider. We are as voyagers, putting off from time to time upon an unexplored sea. Our barques of life set sail and go onward into darkness, and we asleep on our pillows, take no such care as we do when awake and journeying by daylight. Of the perils of the night, whatever they may be, we take no heed. An unsleeping vigilance watches over us, but it is the vigilance of one stronger and wiser than we, who is the Eternal Good. Good and God spring from the same root, and are the same in meaning. "Good-bye" is only "God be with you." "Good-night" is really "God-night," or "God guard the night." It would be a churlish house-hold in which these gentle forms of speech were ignored or did not exist. Alike the happy and the sorrowful, day by day, may say, "Good-night."



## REST IN HEAVEN.

**T**HERE are no weary hearts in Heaven,  
No tired, aching feet  
But joys and smiles innumerable,  
As saints each other greet.

When in the new Jerusalem,  
We'll walk the golden street,  
And sing the praises of our Lord,  
Or sit at Jesus' feet.

The storms of life which o'er us rise,  
And darken all our way,  
Will not be felt beyond the skies,  
For there 'tis always day.

There in our Father's home above,  
The dwelling of the blest,  
We'll meet with loved ones 'round the throne,  
And there forever rest,

A rest from sin, a rest from toil,  
From suffering and pain ;  
No earthly cares our bliss can mar,  
We'll not return again.

Toil on, toil on, ye weary ones,  
With grief and sorrow pressed,  
'Tis but a little while below,  
Then joy and endless rest.

— MRS. EMMA V. SWEETEN.

## PARTING WORDS.

**D**EAR readers, as you have gone over the pages of this book, let me ask if you have heeded the lessons it contains. These articles were not selected merely for their literary merit, nor because of their popularity, or to please the multitude; but because of the valuable practical lessons they contain, and it is hoped they will be the means of helping to rescue a multitude of our youth from a life of indolence, discouragement and doubt, to a life that shall shine with noble deeds, pure motives, and right living, which produces happiness.

May God bless and prosper all who study these lessons, and all who have contributed to this work, and may their words of helpfulness light many a poor soul over the rough paths of life, long after the last one has lain aside the pen and closed the record of their God-given talents.

I cannot lay aside the pen until I exhort you once more to live nearer God, do more for His cause, strive to make others happier, improve every opportunity for doing good, sacrifice your own inclination whenever and wherever it shall seem to benefit others. Take up every known cross, follow the master wherever He leads, seeking to know His will in all things and obey His commands.

# Words of Commendation

## From Press, Pulpit and Leading Educators.



Grace Gold (Mrs. Maria Frink), has completed her new book entitled *HOW TO BE HAPPY*. It is a charming book, and we are pleased to say one of the most useful of the age; especially for young people. It is a perfect cyclopedia of useful lessons, which if studied and practiced, will make any home beautiful and happy.

The very title insures a complete triumph and should be eagerly sought by every parent. It is heartily endorsed by our clergymen, also by Prof. H. B. Brown, of the Normal, and all the leading teachers who have purchased and examined it. We heartily commend it to the public, and believe every copy sold is so much good seed sown that certainly will tell on the lives of others.

THE NORMAL STUDENT, Valparaiso, Ind.

*HOW TO BE HAPPY*: This theme should be, and is, popular; there is in this book a recognition of the essential elements of all true happiness, love to God and men; also the essential accessories of culture and refinement. As such the book cannot fail to aid much in the pursuit of happiness, not only by pointing the way, but by ministering to all who are minded to walk therein. It is made of choice selections from the poets and authors whose names will live in literature and in the religious and moral sentiment of all coming generations.

Grace Gold has rendered a kind service to all in placing within such convenient grasp so much that entertains and edifies.

WESLEYAN METHODIST,

Syracuse, N. Y.

*HOW TO BE HAPPY*, compiled by Grace Gold is a book full of wise, helpful, wholesome and interesting selections that are dedicated to the young people of America.

Every page in the book is calculated to inspire noble thoughts and purposes in life, and parents will be doing much for their children who put in their hands this book.

Artistically and attractively bound.

UNION GOSPEL NEWS,

Cleveland, Ohio.

I am the possessor of *How To BE HAPPY*, a volume of choice reading by Grace Gold. I think it has been prepared with good taste and great care.

It is a handy book of wisdom and practical maxims, and is calculated to sweeten the home.

ALLEN LEWIS, Pastor, M. E. Church, Valparaiso, Ind.

Have read with pleasure the book entitled *How To BE HAPPY* by Grace Gold. This book will be a blessing in the home and cannot fail to scatter "sweetness and light" wherever it is read.

J. H. O. SMITH, Pastor Christian Church.

*How To BE HAPPY* is a question of interest to all and in this book is gathered up and preserved many suggestions, bits of truth and inspiring thoughts that will help to fill life with sunshine.

J. B. FLEMING, Pastor Presbyterian Church.

To whom it may concern:

This certifies that I have carefully examined *How To BE HAPPY* by Grace Gold and am glad to testify to the merits of the work. If one will only have the high wisdom to follow out the suggestions of even the first few pages he will have that state of happiness not usually obtained by "mortals here below."

I am personally acquainted with the author and know that the work was prepared from that highest of all motives, only to do good.

PROF. O. P. KINSEY,

Ass't Prin. Northern Indiana Normal School.

I have examined *How To BE HAPPY* and am much pleased with it. It is most admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was intended, and will, I hope, shed sunshine into thousands of homes. It is its own best recommendation and should meet a wide sale. I have only words of praise for it.

PROF. M. E. BOGARTE, Instructor in N. I. N. S.

The book by Grace Gold entitled *How To BE HAPPY* is one well calculated to instill lessons of most practical morals, and hence is of highest value in the family. It recognizes the three great centers whence comes all that is good in our civilization, viz,—the home, the school and the church. The book is worthy a place by every fireside.

Respectfully,

PROF. W. H. BANTA.

# What the People Say.



“The book **HOW TO BE HAPPY** was received to-day, and I am well pleased with it ; also for your promptness in sending. I shall speak well of it in this locality.”

“It is indeed a most excellent book and well deserves a place in every home.”

“The book I ordered some time ago, at last found its way to my home, where it received a warm greeting. I think it the best collection of thought to inspire to a better life. May God bless you in your great work.”

“I send you to-day the required sum for your book, for which I am very thankful. I have carefully read and studied its beautiful words. May your own life be full of happiness so long as God sees fit to spare you.”

“I received the book all right. It is very fine indeed, much better than than I expected. It is splendid. I wish you much success.”

“The book was received all right. Please accept my congratulations. I trust you will be liberally rewarded for your effort, both in the knowledge of the good you may do through it to the world, and in the more substantial way of dollars and cents.”

“I received your book yesterday and sat up last night until midnight reading it. It is splendid. I wish you much success.”

“I am confident you will ever be successful with so pure a book and I wish you every possible success in this noble undertaking.”

—WORLD'S—  
**Woman's Christian Temperance Union**

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136 COMMONWEALTH AVE., BOSTON, MASS.

*November 27, 1894.*

Dictated.

“Grace Gold”.

Dear Friend,

Your book is received, and is noble and helpful in the best sense. I took it up this morning, as I like always before beginning the day not only to have a few verses of scripture, but noble thoughts of great and true characters. It gave me some most helpful thoughts which I think will make me more companionable for the day, and that is the best test of a book. I feel sure that any mother who should put this book on the table in her son's or daughter's room and get them to agree to read an extract from it every morning would find that in the totality of their young years great good would come of it.

Believe me,

Yours with every good wish,

*Faithful G. Bellard*

# HOW TO BE HAPPY.

BY

GRACE GOLD



This work contains 490 pages, printed on rich cream-tinted paper, from new electrotype plates made especially for this work. Beautifully illustrated and furnished to subscribers at the following low prices:

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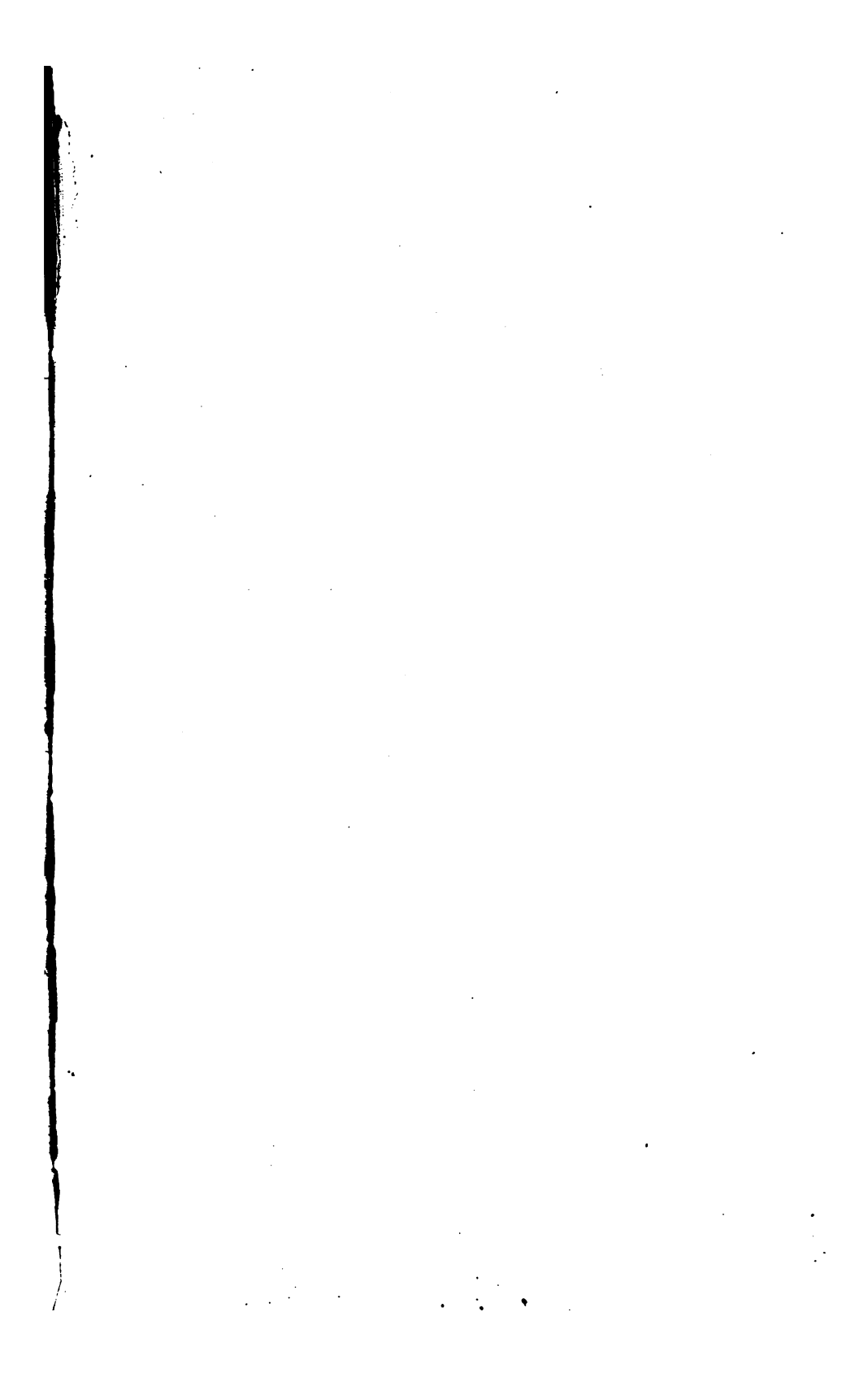


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